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BOOKS ON EDUCATION

GIVEN IN MEMORY OF

WILSON FARRAND '86

1862-1942

WILSON FARRAND was born in Newark, New Jersey. He was educated at the Newark Academy (established 1774), of which his father Samuel Ashbel Farrand was Headmaster, and at Princeton where he took his A.B. in 1886. As an undergraduate he was a member of Clio Hall and the first winner of the Lynde Debate.

In 1887 he became a master at the Newark Academy. From 1889 to 1901 he was Associate Headmaster and from 1901 to 1935, Headmaster. As chairman of a special committee of the Schoolmasters Association of New York and Vicinity he led a movement for uniformity in entrance examinations which resulted, in 1900, in the organization of the College Entrance Examination Board. He was at various times President of the Schoolmasters Association of New York, of the Middle Atlantic Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, of the Headmasters Association of the United States.

In 1909 he was elected an Alumni Trustee of Princeton and in 1919 was made a Charter Trustee. For twenty-five years he served as Clerk of the Board of Trustees. In 1935 Princeton conferred upon him the Litt.D. This he enjoyed not only as a personal but as a family distinction for the University conferred honorary degrees upon his father (1879), upon his brother Livingston '88, President of Cornell University (1922), and upon his brother Max '92, Director of the Henry E. Huntington Library (1942). Wilson Farrand also received an honorary A.M. from Columbia (1907), the Hamilton L.H.D. (1918), the Rutgers Litt.D. (1936), and the University of Newark LL.D. (1940).

After his retirement from the Headmastership of the Newark Academy he lived in Princeton where, until his death, he took active part in the councils of the University.

A. W. Mangum

ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE YOUNG LADIES

OF

A. W. Mangum

GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE,

14TH MAY, 1856,

BY

George Dabis, Esq.,

OF

WILMINGTON, N. C.

GREENSBOROUGH:

PRINTED AT THE "TIMES" JOB OFFICE,

1856.

Here's a sigh for those who love me
And a smile for those who hate
Whom they's about me
I'm a heart for every fate. D. - Byron.

Oh stranger seated roses
And slips of Cypris buds
A broken heart-reposes
Within this silent urn - Keats.

When morn'g in flames the robes of ether glow
And Heaven's east thunders shatter the walls below
Thou undismayed shalt aid the ruins smile
And light thy torch at nature's funeral pile.
Campbell.

ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE YOUNG LADIES

OF

GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE,

14TH MAY, 1856,

BY

GEORGE DAVIS, ESQ.,

OF

WILMINGTON, N. C.

GREENSBOROUGH:

PRINTED AT THE "TIMES" JOB OFFICE,

1856.

*The Combat dufrans! On y a brave
Who rush to glory on the ground
Have married all they be given have
A charge with all Thy choir*

CORRESPONDENCE.



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C., May 15, 1856.

DEAR SIR:

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of G. F. College the undersigned were appointed a Committee to tender to you their thanks for the exceedingly appropriate address delivered before the Literary Societies on yesterday, and to request a copy for publication.

We take great pleasure in communicating the wishes of the Board, and hope you will find it convenient to comply with their request.

Very respectfully,

IRA T. WYCHE,
E. W. OGBURN.

GEO. DAVIS, Esq.

WILMINGTON, May 25, 1856.

GENTLEMEN:

Though not anticipating the publication of the address, I readily yield to the wishes of the Trustees, and send you herewith the desired copy.

Very respectfully, yours, &c.

GEO. DAVIS.

MESSERS. IRA T. WYCHE,
E. W. OGBURN.

ADDRESS.



YOUNG LADIES :

In accepting your invitation to address you to-day, I could not promise to bring you any thing worthy of you, or of the occasion. The busy toils of active life—the galling of the professional harness—the daily fulfilment of the original curse, “by the sweat of your brow”—he who has these things upon him, may gaze with longing eyes upon the pleasant paths of literature; but they are not for him. He has no inheritance in them. Rare and glorious holidays he may have—golden days, when he may walk for an hour in the sunshine with Milton or Shakespeare, with Spenser or Pope, with Addison or Steele; or, if of adventurous spirit, may dare the mountain tops with Bacon, Boyle or Locke—or may wander in the groves of Academe, drinking in divine philosophy, or in Arcadia, with Sidney, listening with charmed ear to the sweet singers of poesie. But these are only dreams. The sunshine passes, and the work returns. The pressing Now shuts out the Past and the Hereafter, and the man awakes to his man's destiny, happy if he does not altogether forget the lessons which these pleasant interviews have taught him.

Now, I have come from the active toils of life, having no learning or eloquence to instruct, or please you; but simply to testify my interest in the cause of education. For it is a cause that is very near my heart. Wherever, throughout her broad limits, the sons and daughters of North Carolina are looking upward in the march of improvement, holding aloft their standard, and inscribing upon it “Excelsior,” there is a spot of interest to me, and a resting place for my most cordial sympathies. And though I bring no rich gifts of varied lore, I can assure you that I do bring, what you will not despise, the kindly spirit of an elder brother, saying “Come, and let us reason together.” I desire to tell you some homely truths which cannot be learned too soon, or pondered too well, for your happiness. And, trust me, homely things are not be despised because they are homely. Our choicest treasures are often those which lie continually about our path, and at our very feet, unheeded, while we vainly grasp at glittering nothings. Even in your young and blooming life you have already cast some anxious glances at the future. What is life? What is to be its history for me? What of care and suffering, what of honor or fame, what of esteem and

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love, what of happiness and peace, shall it bring? To assist you to find, or make, right answers to such questions, is the earnest hope of my purpose to-day.

We are fond of calling this the age of progress. And in many things, especially in art and science, so it is. Wonderful steam, which compasses with its mighty power sea and land, making our magnificent rivers to be almost like the crowded thoroughfares of a populous city, and bringing our father-land which used to lie so many weary miles across the ocean almost to our very doors—the terrible spirit of the lightning bent to man's intelligence, and made to be the swift and patient messenger of his thoughts—the glorious sun, while not neglecting the joyful mission of light and life on which he was launched by the great Creator, when the morning stars first sang together, yet stooping from his high career to paint for us the loved lineaments of a friend, or the varied beauties of a landscape—the every day developments of practical chemistry, grappling with the secrets of nature, evolving her hidden laws, and applying them in a thousand useful forms to lessen labor, to multiply its increase, to add to our comforts and embellish our homes—these are some of the evidences of a progress in physical sciences that none now would willingly forego. In music, painting and sculpture, though we have as yet nothing which can be called a distinct school of our own, we have done much; and even in Italy, the very seat of the beautiful, the studios of American sculptors and painters are the favorite resort of the wealthy and gifted of every clime. In literature, too, our achievements have been great. What has become of the proud British taunt of "Who reads an American book?" The shelves of the London booksellers teem with the issues of the American press, and English authors now look to the verdict of the American public with scarcely less anxiety than they await the judgment of their own. Irving, Bancroft, Prescott, Everett, Cooper, Halleck, Bryant, Longfellow—these are names which no land would willingly let die; and the learned works of Kent and Story are cited with reverence in Westminster Hall—even at the very feet of Gamaliel. But better than all, men no longer write for posterity alone. Literature is now a profession by which they may not only live, but achieve contemporaneous fame and fortune. And we look back with equal astonishment and scorn upon the times which starved Goldsmith, and would give no more than five pounds for the copyright of *Paradise Lost*.

This is much, very much. But is it all? Is the world really better? or wiser, in the wisdom which makes true happiness? In religion and morals, where are we? Where are the great crusaders against the corruptions of the times? Where are Peter and Paul? Or if these were divinely inspired, where are Calvin, and Luther and Melancthon? Where are the noble martyrs of a noble faith? Some there are, gallant and faithful soldiers; but ah! how few, when numbered with the long files of the army

of Mammon! In Arctic ices, in the burning heat of the Indies, amid the savage horrors of every heathen land, they die daily, and we do not even write their names! In morals, who does not know that fraud increases, that crimes multiply, and that the arm of justice is too often powerless, when it should smite the strong? In religion, who does not know that the world is running after strange gods? Who does not know that even the very priests who keep the fire upon the altars of a divine faith, have become—not here, thank Heaven! but further North—have become the ministers of wild fanaticism, stirrers up of discord, preachers of bloodshed? Is virtue more beloved and sought, or modest worth and goodness better appreciated than of yore? Or are riches less powerful to attract and dazzle, to “blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime?” Death strikes, and a good man falls—a gentle and loving spirit that went through the world doing good, breathing an atmosphere of peace, helping the needy, binding up the broken heart, healing discord, rendering justice, loving mercy, holding to truth. He dies, a few hearts bleed, his virtues are buried with him, his example is forgotten, and his name is written in the sand. Another dies;—and the mourners go about the streets, velvet robes are folded above him, poets sing his praises, towns are named in his honor, cities are draped, and States resolve how much they respected, admired and honored him. Would you know the reason? He was worth a million of money; and though he knew no kindness or generosity while living, he died endowing a doubtful, but ostentatious charity. These things may not be among us; but they are near, and touch our very borders. They are characteristics of our age, and of too much of our country.

Young ladies, I see you before me blooming in youth and health, frank and gay in innocence, and happy in fond anticipations of the future; wondering, perhaps, if such dark shadows really rest upon a world which seems so bright, and the only glimpses of which that have reached you have come clothed in rose-hues, purple and gold. Why do I speak to you of things like these? Do they concern you? Ay, more than you dream of. Think you, would Henry Ward Beecher stand up to preach sedition and bloodshed, if the women of Brooklyn did not daily and nightly throng at his feet to hang upon his words and applaud his vilest sentiments? Think you, would Horace Greely continue to be the powerful representative of every abominable opinion in government, morals and religion, if he were not the petted, admired and honored guest of every woman's rights convention, and free-love association in New York? I shame to tell you of these things; but they are true. Year by year the tale has been told in every school and college in our land, that North Carolina looks to her sons. And right well has the appeal been answered. Great names are hers. Brave deeds adorn her annals. Tardy History has begun to do her justice, and already her pen has written, “if any doubt the capacity of man for self-government,

let them read the history of North Carolina." Advancing in wealth, power, civilization and refinement, and content with no half-way excellence, her appeal now rises unto you. North Carolina looks to her daughters! She knows the extent of your influence for good or ill. She feels the usefulness and dignity of your mission. She sees in you the mothers of her patriots and statesmen, and on you she relies for their instruction in learning and virtue. What bright name, what glorious life, has dignified and adorned humanity, whose brightness has not caught its first rays from off the altar of a mother's love? What mother has given a hero to history, who was not herself worthy to be the mother of heroes? What dark deeds are recorded in the book of crimes, which carefully traced, may not find their origin and first cause far back in a neglected or mis-directed home education? It much concerns you to understand these things. It is because I believe, and know, and feel them, that I am here to-day. If I had regarded you as born for no higher destiny, no nobler work than to flaunt in silks abroad, or dawdle over the latest novel at home, I would have suffered your invitation to "pass by me as the idle wind, which I respect not." But, to cheer, adorn, and make happy the homes of good men—to be the gentlest and wisest ministers of good—to spread around you an atmosphere of virtue, love and peace which the pure will delight to enter, and the vicious will not dare to approach—to pass through life elevating, refining, ennobling and blessing all within your sphere—it is because I know that this may be, and ought to be, your destiny that I am here to speak with earnestness and feeling. And, believe me, I speak with the voice of every man in the State, whose opinion is at all worth having, when I say to you again, North Carolina looks to her daughters! Whether you will set your mark on high, and aim for a noble destiny like this, choose ye to-day. The starting point is here. Far off, but bright and shining, the goal is before you. It seems a weary way. You see the trials, the difficulties, the dangers; you see the darkness and the thorns. You may not see the sunbeams and the flowers—but they are there. Seize, then, the instant time. "Look not mournfully back into the past. It is gone. Wisely improve the present. It is yours." God will take care of hereafter, if you will but only, and always, take care of to-day.

"Trust no future, howe'er pleasant,
Let the dead past bury its dead;
Act, act, in the living present,
Heart within, and God o'er head."

No human excellence is self-born. When you read of Minerva springing at a bound from the brain of Jupiter, full-formed and perfect, I would have you to remember that you are reading fable—and a fable that speaks only of the Gods. It is a dangerous creed which teaches that some are born good and great, while others are equally born base and wicked. With-

out intending to broach the discussion of a great ethical problem, I am persuaded that the difference in our original natures, especially as regards the moral qualities, is far less than is generally supposed; and that it is the method and degree of culture, more particularly of self-culture, which chiefly makes the difference in men and women. And I fear this truth is but seldom rightly comprehended by the young. You fix your gaze upon some real or imaginary pattern of excellence, sigh at what you deem its unapproachable perfection, and murmur despondingly in your hearts, ah! if God had only made me like unto her! Now, while none can give you the assurance that you are equal to any named perfection, yet it is equally true that none can assure you, and therefore it is folly to persuade yourselves, that it is beyond your reach. It is perfectly certain that God has given you the capability to be all that he intended you to be, and therefore all that you ought to be. When men have achieved greatness and fame, so much of the brightness of their subsequent career is reflected back upon their early life, that we are apt to view it in a false light. We read of the glories of Arcola, Marengo, Wagram and Austerlitz, and we see only the Consul and the Emperor, and think that he must have been born king of men. We shut our eyes to what was perhaps the real touchstone of his splendid success. We do not heed the laborious study and discipline of the scholar of the Polytechnique; we forget the severe application, and the brave, and almost cruel self-mastery of the young lieutenant of artillery;—above all, we forget that Napoleon had Madame Letitia for his mother. When we are told that the publisher of Dickens sold 35,000 copies of the first number of his new serial, we think of him only as he first burst upon the world in all the humor, pathos, and genius of the *Pickwick Papers*. We forget the obscure and unfriended young law-clerk, earning the scantiest subsistence by reporting for the daily papers, struggling with poverty, hardship and drudgery in every shape; yet fighting bravely on, until he won a noble triumph over them all at last. I am not contending that all men are born Clays and Websters, if they choose, nor all women, Somervilles and De Staels. It contents me to announce a far narrower proposition—that it is in the power of each one of us to be much better and wiser than we are, and easily much worse. Take, then, this admitted truth as the resting point of a generous ambition. Ponder it well. Let it be the ark to which your thoughts, whithersoever they may wander by day, will faithfully return at night, and fold their wings. This done, and one of the surest guides to excellence is already yours. If self-examination finds you feeble, be not disheartened. The very beginning of our strength is the knowledge and study of our weakness. Our journey upon earth is like the passage of a feeble army through a hostile land. If we would reach the goal at which we aim, we must move with care and caution, with perseverance and hope. Every step as we advance, we must set the sentinels, and

fortify the camp. How can we properly fortify, if we know not where the attack is most likely to be successful? Beginning thus with the knowledge that you are weak, yet can make yourselves strong, let thought rise into reflection, reflection into resolution, resolution into daily action—and behold! the victory and the peace!

But perhaps I have been dwelling too much in abstraction, and I desire to come to more practical points. Taking it for granted that you are imbued with a desire for improvement, and a hope of excellence, how is the work to be begun? If it were mine to-day, as your dearest friend, to choose for each one of you that most valuable gift, or rather quality, of all others, without which no excellence can be purchased, no true happiness attained, what should it be? To the Christian the answer is easy. But I stand not here as a Christian teacher, but as a man of the world, who has learned some hard lessons in a hard school, and would gladly turn them to your profit. What should it be? Beauty? fortune? genius? social rank? scholarship? These are excellent things. But far above them all I would choose a constant habit of patient and cheerful submission to duty. I speak not now of any of those high sacrifices, those noble self-triumphs, which demand the strength and constancy of a martyr. These will be but rarely, and I trust never, demanded of you. Far less of any austere self-abnegation, which would frown upon all relaxation and amusement, chill the genial current of your hearts, and freeze you up into detestable patterns of rigid propriety. I speak of the little, simple, daily duties of your every day life. Of that habit of mind which will prompt you, whatever you have to do, whether it be a simple sum in arithmetic, or a lesson in grammar,—whether to go to Church or to school—whether to obey your teachers, or to reverence your parents—whether to pray to God at night, or to rise to your studies with the lark—to do it all readily, cheerfully and conscientiously. If you are so fortunate as to have already attained this habit, you will hardly dignify it as obedience to duty; you will rather feel it as an undefinable uncomfortableness when anything has been left undone, which ought to have been done. This may seem a little thing. But in my judgment it is the very foundation of all true excellence. Its beginning is in trifles; but, if thoroughly pursued, its end is the perfect whole of a beautiful and consistent rectitude; and its accomplishment is happiness and peace. Transgressing its rule, we may escape punishment, or even censure, from others, but not from ourselves. There is a judge within, born with us, ever faithful and true, sitting daily in the judgment seat, and administering to us the most exact justice, whether it be to approve or to condemn. It is an excellent thing to have him for a friend, and the part of true wisdom to cultivate his friendship. When he smiles, the world all brightens to you. The sun shines more gloriously, the birds sing more tunelessly, the green leaves dance more merrily—all nature puts on her

loveliest garments; and it seems as if there were an angel, whose special charge it was to bless and make you happy. But, if your ambition do not rise so high—if you prefer to live for the applause and admiration of the world, rather than for true wisdom and happiness—then know that there is no surer talisman than this ever ready and cheerful performance of duties, to win you “honor, love, obedience, troops of friends.” Society is a nice observer of character; and although it too often applauds what is vicious, it seldom fails to appreciate what is really beautiful and good. Even hypocrisy has been said to be the homage which vice pays to virtue. And it is not more certain that there cannot be shadows without light, than that there cannot be loveliness without love. The woman who takes her place in the world as if conscious that she is an essential part of a wise and perfect plan, rather than as if believing that she had happened here accidentally, and for no purpose but, like a truant child, to chase the butterflies and gather flowers, until the sun goes down, and the eternal darkness comes—who sees her duties all around her, and does not simply not avoid them, but steps to their performance with a firm heart and a cheerful faith, lightening their burdens with a gentle patience, smoothing their asperities with a sweet and happy temper, laughing at the little troubles, bending to the great ones with a hopeful resignation, doing good, and thinking not of it, offering a constant sacrifice of small sweet charities, happy because considerate for the happiness of others, and always gentle, loving, faithful and true—ah! believe me, it is not necessary for such an one to seek for admiration! For it is impossible not to love, admire, and honor her. She may not be beautiful, but those who are nearest to her will see it the least. She may not be young, but youth will reverence her. She may not be learned, but learning will bow down to her. She may not be rich, nor famous, nor fashionable. But riches and fame and fashion, are nothing to her. For, “behold! her children rise up and call her blessed,” and her husband wears her in his heart of hearts, and friends esteem and love, good angels guard, and God blesses her.

Need I impress upon you the importance of industry? How commonplace the word sounds. You have had that prescript unfolded to you every hour of your lives. You have heard it at the fire-side, in the school, from the pulpit; you have written it from copy-books, and read it in poetry and prose, until it has become stale and flat. But for all that, reject not the lesson, for it is a wise one, and if learned at all, must be learned here. The young are prone to regard the lovely hours of youth as a sort of dark season of toil and punishment; and to look forward to eighteen and twenty-one as the glorious eras when shackles are to be burst, and freedom won; when life is really to begin, and the poor prisoner of books and schools is to step forth into the sunshine, and come into his inheritance of pleasure and enjoyment. Suppose this were really so, will you believe when I

tell you that that same inheritance, if it is to be yours, is the most unmanageable estate you could fall heir to? Pleasure hath its dangers, neither small nor few. It is like the gorgeous flower of the tropics, which attracts the traveller with its splendid hues, and strikes him down with its noxious perfume—like the brilliant fascination of the serpent, which charms to destroy. Wisely to regulate, and rightly to enjoy, our pleasures—to know how to take the sting from the serpent, and the poison from the flower—why, this is one of the deepest of life's lessons, and embraces very much of all the wisdom of earth. Can you expect to learn it without study or preparation, when so many thousands of lives in all the centuries have been wasted in the constant study, and yet never learned it all? If you be of this mind, and act upon it, when you shall come to your inheritance, instead of a splendid palace, with a clear rent-roll of luxury and ease, you will be fortunate indeed if you do not soon find it shingled over with mortgages—mortgaged to fashion, to the opinions of the world, to dreamy satiety, to corrupted tastes, to vicious propensities, to all that is unlovely in your own dispositions. And I need not assure that these are harsh and exacting creditors.

But I set out with the postulate that you are not to live for pleasure alone, but for usefulness, dignity, and happiness as well. Think then how much there is to be learned, and how short the time for learning. Think of all the rich stores of wisdom hived in so many thousands of studious years. Think of the great Newton, gifted with a mind which soared, perhaps, nearer to the deity than any which preceded, or has followed him, and with a patience and perseverance, as wonderful as his genius,—exploring all the depths of science, diving into the very heart of nature, and unfolding her most hidden secrets—analyzing the solar beam, and settling the laws which regulate the motions of the universe—living the admiration of his age, and to be the wonder of posterity—and dying with the remarkable declaration that he felt but as a little child which had been gathering here and there a pebble or a shell by the shore of the boundless ocean of truth! Thinking of these things if you are poor-spirited, you may be discouraged; but if you are generous-minded, you will be stimulated to exertion. It is not demanded, nor even desired of you that you should become luminaries of learning in abstract science, whether of nature or mind. If the choice were necessary to be made, I would prefer that you should pass your lives in the homely employment of making puddings, or darning stockings, rather than in vain attempts to square the circle, or to explore Chaldean mysteries. I hardly know which is the less desirable for a life-companion. She who dwells perpetually in commonplace, never rising above the household drudgery, never aspiring to a generous sentiment, and always entertaining her husband or her guests with the price of butter, or with wonderful stories of the children, the pantry, or the poultry yard—or

she who lives continually among the stars, looking down with lofty disdain upon the essentials of every day comfort and happiness, scorning all useful things as too mean for her dainty touch, and never descending lower than Humboldt's *Cosmos* or Newton's *Principia*. I would have you shun the one as the plague, and the other as the leprosy ;—I would have you neither breathing machines, nor erudite professors, neither stupid blunderers, nor learned pundits ; but intelligent, thinking, useful women—familiar with the literature of your own and other lands, and not yet ignorant of your daily duties, nor above them—qualified to be either appreciating listeners to a learned discourse, or interesting participants in intelligent conversation—forming your own opinions, and able to maintain them—ready, as occasion may demand, with equal excellence to make a salad, or criticise a book—ministering with like benefit to the bodily comforts, and the intellectual pleasures of those about you—yet never evincing a consciousness of superiority, never playing Sir Oracle, never showing that you supposed yourselves born for any other destiny than to be “a help meet for man.” There may be much beyond this that is desirable, but thus high, at least, ought your ambition to be fixed. And this will require study and perseverance. I do not ask you to stop here, but to aim still higher, if a generous emulation prompts you. The good Father, when he made the earth to be man's dwelling-place, gave him the beasts of the forest, and the fishes of the sea, and the herbs of the garden, and the minerals of the earth, and the sun to shine by day, and the moon and the stars by night, and the rivers and the ocean to bear his commerce. All these were necessary for utility and comfort. Had he stopped here, our impression of his goodness, derived from visible nature, might have been narrow and circumscribed. But he crowned the perfection of his work with beauty and loveliness—beauty in the leaves and flowers, beauty in the plumage of the birds, beauty in the hues of the rainbow, in the beams of morning, in the sparkling of the dewdrop and the diamond, in the mountain's brow, and the ocean's wave—in all things, everywhere, bright, glowing, marvellous beauty. So you, having laid the groundwork of excellence in the thorough study of substantial acquirements, then strive to make your excellence attractive—having hewn out the statue from the cold and shapeless marble, then study the accessories, and give it form and expression, the flowing drapery, the speaking attitude, and the graceful fall and composure of the limbs ; so that the gazer may behold, and wonder, how nature and art, when working lovingly together, may adorn and beautify each other. Whatever degree of mental superiority you may attain, it will be but harsh and repulsive, unless softened and refined by a corresponding accomplishment in womanly graces. Even externals ought not to be neglected. If you have a fine voice, or a talent for music, cultivate them. They were no more given you to be thrown away than any of your physical senses. If you have a beau-

tiful form, adorn it; but adorn it with all becoming modesty and propriety, and learn to carry it gracefully. Why not? If God had intended you to be repulsive, would he have made you fair? An old philosopher has said that he deemed nothing foreign from himself, which was human. Perhaps it is because I am not a philosopher, that I cannot deem anything foreign from you, which is beautiful. It is the shameful abuse, and not the proper cultivation, of these gifts; which is dangerous and wicked. Because you have a fine expressive eye, it does not follow that you must ogle and stare—nor, because you have a neat and pretty foot, is there any law that the hem of your garment should be an inch further from the ground. Nay, I will take a holder stand, and declare that it is your duty to be beautiful and graceful, if you can. Not with powders, pomades and patches; nor yet with waltzes, redowas, and polkas. Not with any of the contrivances of art which are simply artful. But with the purity of nature, refined by a cultivated mind, and adorned by true womanly modesty.

And in this connection, young ladies, there is a subject which I wish to touch upon, yet scarce know how to approach—one which may seem out of place on an occasion like the present, but which society in our day has magnified into such importance, that to inculcate right ideas respecting it, can scarcely be amiss at any time. I mean the subject of dress. What do I know about that? perhaps you will say. Outside barbarian that I am, how dare I draw near to the mysteries of that temple? It may be that my opinions are not worth having, but representing that portion of humanity which suffers by false notions upon this subject, I may claim the right to speak. The women of America are accused by their sisters across the water, of being inordinately fond of showy and extravagant dress. Is the accusation altogether unmerited? Pardon me, but I fear not. In that respect also, this is an age of progress. In three-fourths of a century we have progressed from homespun to calico, from calico to silk, from silk to satin, from satin to velvet, from velvet to valenciennes, and from valenciennes to—heaven knows where! I am afraid even to attempt the discovery. For if ever I were once fairly embarked upon the wide sea of tulle, and illusion, and passementerie, and poulx de soie, &c., &c., I am sure I should never see land again. You, doubtless, will soon learn to box the compass in this sort of navigation; for it is a knowledge which seems to come to you quite easily and naturally. I have no wind and current charts to give you; but I have heard the roaring of the breakers, and I know where they lie. Whatever may be your pride of opinion on this subject, it is one on which the opinions of sensible men ought not to be despised. Since to be agreeable to men of sense is, or ought to be, in moderation, one of your desires. By inviting me here to-day you have already testified some respect for my opinions; and I have declared that if you have a beautiful form, you ought to adorn it with all becoming modesty and propriety. But

do not waste your ambition here. Keep it for something better. If Miss Brown is worth a million in money, and nothing in brains, let her give ten dollars a yard for a moire antique, and disturb the congregation as she rustles with it late into church. But pray do not you be weak enough to envy her its possession, or to imitate her bad example. You may take it for granted that every sensible man who sees her will know that her dress is the most valuable thing about her, and that matrimony with her would be, for all her eagles, a risk which, in the books of any safe insurance company, would be set down as extra-hazardous. But it is not the opinions of men which she regards. It is the envy and admiration of the weak and frivolous of her own sex which feed her vanity, and stuff her pride. She feels that when she has gone a dollar a yard beyond their purses, she has gained a mile in height above their ambition; and when she has attained the utmost possibility of expense, she has also reached her topmost height of glory. How poor an ambition! How contemptible a glory! To give out no music but the base ringing of coin! To own no beauty which was not manufactured by a worm! Your sex alone can cure this folly, and I pray you let not your example be lost. Show that you value God's gifts more than the silk-worm's. That your power to please was not bought by the yard, but was nature's endowment enhanced by your own good sense and careful taste; that you are not willing to be mere lay-figures for your merchant, and that what you do in adorning your person is done simply from an innate and true sense of the becoming and beautiful, and not from any pride of rank, or love of admiration. Never overstep the modesty of nature. Dress richly if you choose, and can afford it; but always simply, tastefully, and without ostentation. In one word, be always so arrayed that the most intelligent eye which scans you will find everything to approve, and nothing to remember. After all, these things are but the setting of the gem, and can never supply the place of the "pure ray serene" which comes from within. The fine expressive eye is nothing worth—nay, had better be clouded with a leaden unmeaningness—if it be not the window of the soul, through which warm affections and innocent thoughts shine out. The pretty foot had better be deformed and crippled, if it is only to beat time in the voluptuous dance of pleasure. You may be gifted with all external charms, and may have devoted your most anxious hours incultivating and adorning them to the highest perfection, and yet, if these be all you have, how poor an estate they make when the great account comes to be taken? They cannot purchase you the smallest annuity of happiness or contentment, and are hopelessly squandered ere half your days are numbered. They are but poor, helpless fire-flies, that flash and glitter in the summer twilight, and when the frosts come, perish, and are forgotten. If you would enjoy an estate which will be yours increasingly and imperishably, which no creditor can encumber or seize from you; which will require the

smallest outlay, and yield the richest returns of all that is rarest in value, cultivate your hearts. Do not think I underrate your worth when I tell you they will need cultivating. The soil may be rich, but the tares grow while you are sleeping; and though the good seed may be planted, they must be tended with a patient care, if you look for a golden harvest. Again, I speak not as a christian teacher, but as a man of the world, accustomed to weigh his words, when I assure you that your best happiness must come from within; and that a pure and guileless heart, full of all gentle charities and sweet affections, will ever be its surest and most faithful minister. Trials and misfortunes you must have. "There is no armor against fate." The winds will blow, and the rains descend, and the floods come, and beat upon your house. But in such a heart there is always a peaceful refuge where the winds are not heard, and the waters are at rest, and the sun shines lovingly forever.

While desiring to encourage you in the steadfast pursuit of useful acquirement, permit me to caution you against an error into which the ambitious young are apt to fall. I mean a habit of too much light and promiscuous reading. By the long indulgence of this habit I have known a fine mind, of unusual force and vigor by nature, so weakened and frittered away as to have become almost pointless; and its possessor, who might have been a strong and earnest thinker, and an agreeable and instructive companion, sunk into weak and washy garrulity—a mere twaddler over the articles in the last review. Such is its inevitable tendency, and such too often its result. Let your reading be only of a few good books, and read them thoroughly. When I say a few, I do not mean half a dozen a year, but speak by comparison with the flood of volumes which is daily pouring from the press. And when I say good books, let me not be misunderstood. I have no puritanical dread of poetry and novels; no holy horror of everything which does not savor of the "Saints' Rest," or the "Call to the Unconverted." While I heartily despise the taste which can only be satisfied with the prurient fancies of Eugene Sue or George Sand, I would think very poorly of the mind or heart which could take the slightest shadow of taint or weakness from the Vicar of Wakefield, or the Heart of Mid Lothian. While I have no patience with that school of young ladies which can find poetry in nothing but hearts and darts, and loves and doves, I can confess to no sort of respect for her who cannot rise into something like a sensible appreciation of the glorious beauties of Milton, Shakspeare, Spenser and Dryden, or even the softer music of Burns, Coleridge and Wordsworth. I would as soon think of feeding your bodies with nothing but buffalo meat, as of nourishing your minds with nothing but chemistry or mathematics. But I would have you shun an indiscriminate indulgence in the cheap literature of the day, just as you would shun association with the vicious and vulgar. For the one will as surely corrupt your tastes, and enfeeble your

minds, as the other will spoil your manners and taint your morals. The mind, as well as the palate, has its morbid appetites, and good digestion and health wait on neither. And in both it is better to prevent the disease than to call in the physician. I do not think it desirable that you should read much of anything while here, beyond the appointed course of studies. That has doubtless been carefully selected by judicious minds, and if faithfully mastered, will leave but little time for general reading. And that little had far better be devoted to exercise and innocent recreation than wasted in a desultory skimming over trivial books. I know it is too much the fashion in schools and colleges to deny class honors, and to stigmatize those who strive for them as poor plodders, whom nothing but hard work can drive through. While he who is last upon the roll of merit, if he is tolerably familiar with the names of books and of their authors, can talk flippantly of somebody's theory about something, throw out an apt quotation from learning made easy in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and occasionally pilfer a clever composition, is looked upon as the genius of the class, and wins all the admiration of his fellows. If any such notion has taken root among you, eradicate it; for it is a dangerous heresy. College honors, indeed, are worth but little in themselves. They cannot make you either learned or famous, and may never even be heard of a dozen miles from the spot where they were won. But they can gladden the heart of a fond parent, and they can testify the dutiful affection of a loving child. And more than this; they are the visible sign, the unmistakeable mark of something higher and better. They tell us unerringly of industry, of punctuality, of steady devotion to duty, of generous emulation, of well-tempered ambition, and of regulated passions. And these are of far higher worth than all the eccentric genius that ever cursed humanity. What is genius without perseverance, and without government? Did it ever inspire love? Did it ever purchase happiness? Ask of the courted and brilliant daughter of Neckar, who, by her own confession, would gladly have bartered all her genius, and all her homage, for the modest graces of Madame Recamier. Did it ever build up a true fame? ever accomplish anything worth living for? Dazzling as the lightning, it is as magnificently terrible, scathing and withering all in its path, dying of its own energies, and leaving the darkness darker than before. Go read the melancholy record upon the tombs of Voltaire, Rousseau, Byron, Shelley, and Chatterton.

"They built themselves a fearful monument!"

What a solemn warning is there in the epitaph of Keats, written by his own despairing hand!

"Here lies one whose name was written in water!"

Go study their lives and characters, value their achievements, weigh well

all that they have done for themselves or for mankind, the evil with the good, and set their genius and their fame against their misery, their self-torture, their unregretted and most wretched deaths, and the deep contempt of the whole christian world, and say whether you would not sooner be the poorest peasant girl that ever wore away life in innocent labor, than one of those. Yet they all had genius of a high order—ill-directed and fatally misgoverned, it is true—but genius still. Now study some beautiful and useful life like that of Washington or Hampden—without a spark of genius, but rich in all the best wealth of character—steady perseverance, patient determination, unflinching integrity, generous ambition, self-sacrificing patriotism, modest virtue, and true wisdom ; and how incomparably greater is it than all the daring genius that ever tormented earth or defied Heaven ! Happy, indeed, will you be, if from such contemplations you derive the lesson that, however richly you may be gifted by nature, there can be no true excellence without labor, and without a steady self-control.

YOUNG LADIES OF THE GRADUATING CLASS :—The world is now before you. The great drawing room of life throws open its doors for your reception, and the gay company is assembled to welcome you. Enter, for your way lies there. Behold the flash and glitter of the scene! listen to the music of its revelry. Feast your eyes with the vision of its beauty and its chivalry and see how

“Bright,
The lamps shine o’er fair women and brave men.”

Join in the song and the dance. But in such a sort, that when the lights are faded, and the garlands dead, you can, without a sigh, remember that this is but the holiday apartment, and seek your homes in the quiet little parlor, where the wife and mother dwell. Let us peep in there a moment. All is quiet and subdued. There are no splendid decorations, no gay company, no flashing lights, nor sounds of revelry. But there are no brooding cares, no bitter heart-burnings, no jealous rivalry, and no wan dejection. There is an air of satisfaction and repose pervading everything—sweet repose for body, mind, and heart. The very chairs and tables look satisfied, and the pictures smile satisfaction from the walls. The daily duties are discharged, the evening prayer has gone up, and the little ones are at rest. Night is abroad ; but the darkness cannot enter. For love sheds around a perpetual sunshine. Joy and gladness, comfort and sweet content abound, and an angel sits by the hearth-stone, singing continually of happiness and peace. But one thing is wanting. He, the beloved, whose name has just been sent up to Heaven with a thousand blessings, is absent. He has been away with the world, battling with its toils and cares. But he is coming—he has come. Come with the light of love in his eye, and its kiss upon his lips, to tell how he has fought and won, and how all worth-

less the victory would be, if he could not bring it home to her. To tell how he delights to shut out the world, and be at rest—how he blesses the good God for all his abounding treasures and feels that this little spot is richer than all the kingdoms of the earth, and of the sea, and pleasanter than the pleasantest dream of romance.

Is not this a beautiful picture? Yet not more beautiful than you may make it true. Choose then to-day which of these apartments in the world's great house you will make your own. If you choose wisely, there is much yet before you to be done. Do not indulge the fancy that your education is finished. It is scarcely begun. Though you may have been faithfully instructed—nay, though you may have had the most careful training which school or college ever gave—the sum of it all is but to strengthen your minds by exercise, to give you the habit of application and reflection, and the desire for knowledge—in short, to teach you how to teach yourselves. The value of what you have learned here, is to be tested by the use you may make of it hereafter. If you are to shut it up as you would an evening dress in a band-box, to be taken out and aired only occasionally when visitors are expected, you might as well give it up altogether to the moth and the rust. But if you will make it the alphabet of an intelligent self-instruction, to be continued through life, until the full interest on your talents, whether they be five, or two, or one, shall have been accumulated, then its value cannot be too highly estimated. As the rolling years shall bear you on, you expect to rise higher in position, influence and dignity. Do not let your most valuable part be all that is stationary. Do not be content to bring to the comprehension and discharge of all a woman's duties, only a schoolgirl's mind. The highest consideration for your own happiness demands of you something more. If you could separate yourselves from all relations with the world to which you are hastening, it would still be so. A rich and well-stored mind is the only true philosopher's stone, extracting pure gold from all the base material around. It can create its own beauty, wealth, power, happiness. It has no dreary solitudes. The past ages are its possession, and the long line of the illustrious dead are all its friends. Whatever the world has seen of brave and noble, beautiful and good, it can command. It mingles in all the grand and solemn scenes of history, and is an actor in every great and stirring event. It is by the side of Bayard as he stands alone upon the bridge, and saves the army—it weeps over the true heart of chivalry, the gallant Sidney, as with dying hand he puts away the cup from his parched and fevered lips. It leaps into the yawning gulf with Curtius—follows the white plume of Navarre at Ivry—rides to Chalgrove field with Hampden—mounts the scaffold with Russell—and catches the dying prayer of the noble Sir Harry Vane. It fights for glory at the Granicus, for fame at Agincourt, for empire at Waterloo, for power on the Ganges, for religion in Palestine, for country at

Thermopylæ, and for freedom at Bunker Hill. It marches with Alexander, reigns with Augustus, sings with Homer, teaches with Plato, pleads with Demosthenes, loves with Petrarch, is imprisoned with Paul, suffers with Stephen, and dies with Christ. It feels no tyranny, and knows no subjection. Misfortunes cannot subdue it, power cannot crush it, unjust laws cannot oppress it. Ever steady, faithful, and true, shining by night as by day, it abides with you always and everywhere. If Sir Walter Raleigh's had been a coarse and common mind, after all his varied fortunes of royal favorite, courtier, soldier, statesman, and great explorer, how intense must have been the sufferings of his long and dreary confinement. He had built up the most splendid schemes of power and magnificence, and when he thought them securely his own, had seen them crumble hopelessly into dust. He had been stung by ingratitude, persecuted by the monarch for the glory of whose kingdom he had wrecked his fortunes, tried as a traitor, insulted by his judge, and sentenced to an ignominious death. The walls of his prison were bleak and bare—the same gloomy walls which had driven mad the lady Arabella Stuart, and had seen Jane Grey and Guilford Dudley go to die—and day by day the scaffold was before him thirsting for his blood. But yet his great and noble mind possessed itself in constancy, lightened its griefs by laboring for mankind, carried him tranquilly through the long and dismal years and brought him to the axe at last with a calm courage, and a patient and forgiving smile. And now, for all the law's attainder, and the headsman's ignominy, in the true fame of history, and in the love and admiration of posterity, how infinitely is he above his tyrannous judge, and his weak and cowardly king!

But you cannot separate yourselves from your relations with the world. You were not born to live alone. No mean portion of your kind is to be subjected to your influence, no small share of human happiness entrusted to your keeping. And as you shall well and wisely exercise the one, and guard the other, will depend much of the well-being of the society in which you may live. An intelligent chief of the Cherokees some time since remarked, that when they first settled in their Western home, in their efforts for improvement they pursued a mistaken policy—they educated their boys, and neglected their girls. And when the boys grew to be men, and could find none but stupid, ignorant, and slatternly women to associate with, and to marry, their education did not prevent them from becoming lazy, dissipated and worthless. But now they had discovered their error—had learned that the only safeguard against these vices was to give them intelligent, virtuous, and happy homes,—and by educating their girls, were making them both a reward and a spur to the boys. This is true wisdom. For it is founded in a knowledge of our nature. Who does not know that a generous-minded youth would burst his heart-strings in a manly struggle, sooner than the girl, whose smile he would win, shall look down in scorn upon his

ignorance! Show me the community whose women are pure, enlightened and refined, and I will show you a place where order and good morals prevail, and where ignorance and vice hide their heads. Our young men may go where they will to seek their fortunes. But for my part, I will never despair of the republic so long as they shall find it necessary to return to North Carolina for their wives.

If such, and so great, is to be your influence, it were wise, by a careful self-culture, to prepare yourselves to meet the responsibility. I know that this is an old fashioned suggestion, and therefore, perhaps, may not be very palatable to some. Prominent among the evils of our day is the disposition to put away old things, even things that are stamped with the wisdom of ages, and to see only by the new lights of progress. With many, it seems, the chief thing we have gained in forty centuries, is that we have learned nothing worthy of respect. Young America is rampant in the flush and vigor of youth, and arrogant in self-sufficiency. It attempts with a bound things that are accustomed to be achieved only by years of toil, and boasts of a capability for everything, except a wholesome restraint. Gray wisdom and reverend virtue are jostled in the highway, to make room for the rush of progress; as if the race were always to the swift, and the battle to the strong. And Young America, ladies, is a noun of the common gender. It is feminine, as well as masculine, and may be seen in bonnet and curls, as well as in Kossuth hat and moustache. It goes to all the balls and routs, and thinks it "fast"—peeps in the library door at home, and votes it decidedly "slow." It lounges lazily in the parlor, and modestly asks its mother to hand the footstool, or its father to pass the new book he is just reading; and only really wakes up to life when masculine Young America steps in with a strut, to tell how it "had done the Governor brown" yesterday, and "what a jolly sell it was"—"such capital fun you know."

If there be one among you who has any such ambition as this before her, may Providence be good to her! For she will never, I fear, be good to herself, or to others. She may make a showy and expensive article of furniture for a fashionable establishment; but nothing more. Pardon me if I wrong you by such an intimation. But it is only by holding up to your gaze in proper colors what is false and unlovely, that you can learn rightly to appreciate the beautiful and true.

Rather be yours the generous ambition to shine only in the pure excellence of virtue and refinement. Be prouder to make the happiness of one true heart, than to fill the shallow admiration of a thousand false ones. Go forth, then, into the world, and meet its trials and dangers, its duties and pleasures, with a firm integrity of heart and mind, looking ever onward and upward and walking erect before the gaze of men, fearless, because without reproach. When the glad sunshine is upon you, rejoice and be happy. When the dark hours come, light them with a gentle patience, and a

christian faith. If you have work to do, do it bravely. If pleasure calls, enjoy it wisely. If your lot is humble, dignify it by a noble fortitude, and a pure and loving heart. So may even poverty and humility be blessed unto you. If rank and station are yours, so fill them, that, while imparting nothing, they may derive additional honor and grace from you.

This above all. To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night, the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.



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